

Rachel Jackson to Robert Hays, March 5, 1815, from Correspondence of Andrew Jackson. Edited by John Spencer Bassett.

New Orleans, March 5, 1815.

My respected Friend, This being the first moment I Could Call my own Since my arival at this place I gladly snatch the oppertunity of writeing you a few Lines. In the first place we had a tollerable pasage in 25 Days, we arived at this place in time for the ball and Cillebration of Washingtons Birth Night. to give you a disscription is beyond the power of my pen, the splendor of the brilliant assemblage the magnificenc of the supper and orniments of the room with all our greate Charecters in Large Letters of Gold on a Long Sheet of Glass aboute four Inches wide with Lamps behind that theay might be read as we Sat at Supper. I was placed opposit the Motto Jackson and victory ar one, on the table a most Ellegent Piremid, on the top was vivi Jackson in Large Letters on the other sid the Immortal Washington. ther was a gold ham on the table, s[u]ffice to say nothing Could Excell the orniments and s[u]pper, nith[er] tea nor Coffee was on the table. in fact I have seen more alredy then in all my Life past, it is the finest Country for the Eye of a Strainger but a Little, while he tirs of the Disipation of this place, so much amusement Balls Concerts Plays theaters etc. etc. but we Dont attend the half of them. I herd the full band of musick a few evinings since. we are Liveing in a very Comforteable house neare the genls Head quarters which is a Larg Elligent Building. we Din'd with Genneral Gaines yestarday, he Lives very Styleish, to morrow with genl Carroll, say to her she must not greive so much he Enjoys himself, is well. we have Eliza Butlar with us, I wish the girles was here. all the nobillity French and Spanniards navil officers Concils nites with their Stars on their brests. I have given you some of the flowers now the thorns. Major Read tells me this morning nearly one Thousand hav Died Lately. Docter fore is no more. Genl Coffee had

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him deecently interd in the burying ground. Mr. Web our Near Neighbour is dead, married Mrs. F Saunders relation. we intertain greate hopes of peace and that our troops may be once more at rest, Coffees men has Don So much and has Suferd more then all the army Mr J Says, his troops Should never be forgotten by their Country. I am not very well, Collo Butlar is well and Rachel, Little Robert has been unwell, The Genneral Looks better in healh then when I Came here. of all men on Erth he Does the most Business from Day Light to ten at Night Devotes Little time to pleasure. we have not seen the battle groundes yet but intend in a few Days. give my Love to all the famaly I expect to be on our re[t]urne shortely for home. your attention and kindness to me when in tribulation I never will forgit. my respects to Mr and Mrs Saunders Craney Hayes and believe me your Cincer Friend,